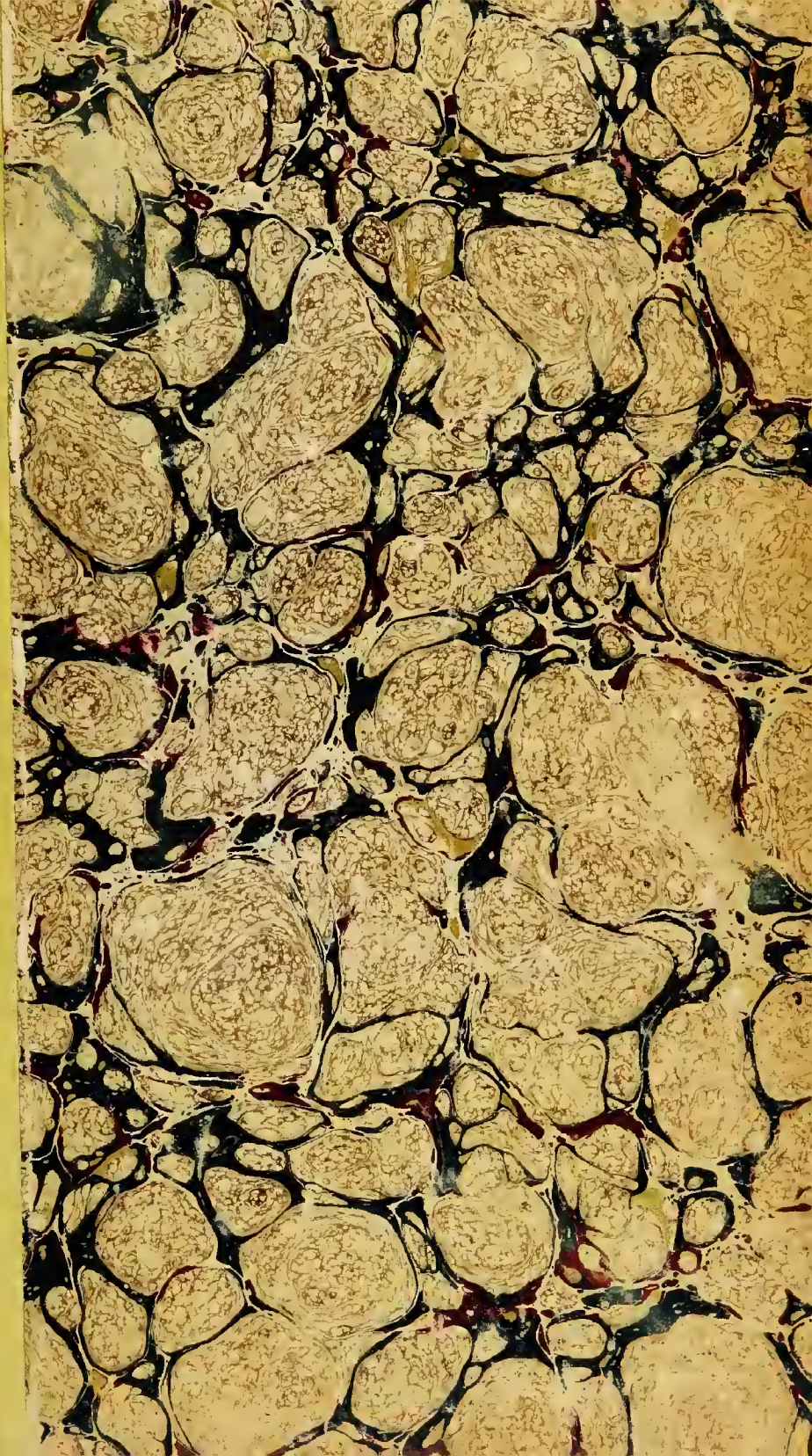
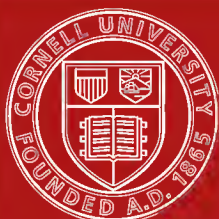






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SAKAKAWEA
THE BIRD-WOMAN

A
Pageant
of the
North
West

The
University
of
NORTH
DAKOTA



SAKAKAWEA
THE BIRD-WOMAN

A Statue by Leonard Crunelle, Erected on the State Capitol Grounds
at Bismarck, North Dakota, by the Federation of Women's
Clubs and the Children of the State

THE BOOK OF
A Pageant of the North-West

WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION BY EIGHTEEN
UNDERGRADUATE MEMBERS OF

The Sock and Buskin Society

University of North Dakota

Under the Direction of

PROFESSOR FREDERICK H. KOCH
of the Department of English



First Presented at the Seventh Annual Meeting of

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

And on the Occasion of the Dedication of

The Bankside Theatre

On the Campus of

The University of North Dakota

GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA

MAY 28 - 29, 1914

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TO
GEORGE PIERCE BAKER
Professor of Dramatic Literature in
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
Pioneer in the University Movement
Towards a New Drama

The Return of the Pageant

There seems to be a revival of pageantry among us. Five hundred years ago—fully two centuries before William Shakespeare was born—the merchants and tradesmen of England performed on “pageant” stages in their public squares, long cycles of Miracle and Mystery plays. And on the Continent too, in varying forms, these dramatic representations of Bible and Saint stories were widely popular. Such survivals as the Passion Plays of Ober-Ammergau in Bavaria, of Selsach in Switzerland, and of other villages so remote as to be hardly known to the outside world, suggest how intimately the religious pageant was cherished by the masses. It was indeed the open theatre of the people.

The first years of the present century mark something of a return of this popular play-form. The people have reclaimed the pageant. Beginning in Sherborn, England, in 1905 it has not been long in finding its way to New England, and indeed the entire distance across the new continent, from Yankee Maine to cosmopolitan California. An organization has been formed to conserve the idea, and the movement seems to be growing by leaps and bounds. A bulletin issued by the American Pageant Association announces, for the year 1913, a list of forty-six pageants, festivals and masks, presented in fifteen different states. This month the city of St. Louis will present on the forested stage of its hillside theatre “a gigantic pageant,” re-enacting the romance of its history and forecasting its future in poetic allegory. One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars has been given by popular subscription to finance the enterprise, experts have been enlisted in all departments of the work, seven thousand five hundred St. Louisans will be the actors, and an audience of sixty thousand spectators will gather to participate in the most pretentious drama ever staged by a community. Such is the spirit and the scope of the new pageant movement,—a form of vast proportions, a wider conception of the out-of-doors drama than

any yet evolved. What is its meaning? Is it only a passing show, or is it pointing the way towards a greater democracy in the drama?

The new pageantry is first and last of the people. The community furnishes at once its theme, its actors, its audience. For this reason it would seem peculiarly adapted to give to the people an adequate outlet for their constant desire to express in dramatic form their native, though too often arrested, sense of beauty. The dramatic seems to be the dominant art-impulse in the masses, and in this its latest phase, it is made to include all the other fine arts—poetry, music, dancing, coloring, modeling, building—in a comprehensive, communal drama. It becomes indeed a patriotic embodiment of the life story of the people, recreating their romantic yesterdays, interpreting their own stirring day, imaging forth their dreams of yet fairer tomorrows. If this new art can stir the imagination of the people to do such things for themselves, surely co-operative liberty should flower ere long in a fairer state than any we have yet known, into something of lasting beauty.

A peerless Shakespeare came only after the continuing efforts of many generations of folk-players, after slow years of experimentation in which every English tradesman had a part. England as a nation of amateur actors prepared the way for him, made him possible. Perhaps now in their enthusiastic revival of this favorite form the people are preparing for another,—this time for the Great One foretold by Ibsen in one of his last plays: "Some one is coming after me who will do it better . . . Only wait—you may be sure he will come, and let us hear of him." Perhaps the people's pageant of today is making ready for the coming of another Shakespeare—this time, one to interpret the American Age.

F. H. K.

Grand Forks, North Dakota
May, 1914.

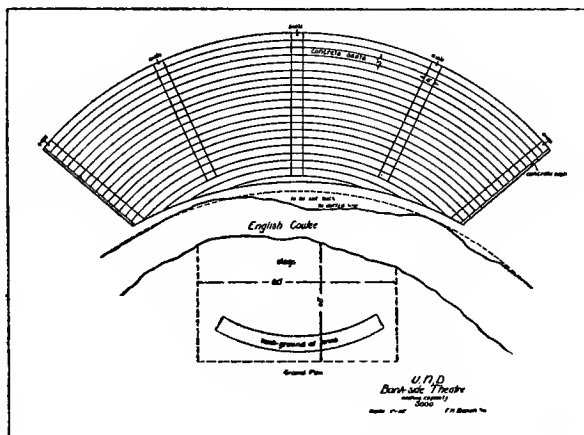
THE DEDICATION OF

The Bankside Theatre

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA

MAY 28, 1914

For the Sock and Buskin Society Professor Frederick H. Koch
 For the University President Frank L. McVey



Original Plan of the Bankside Theatre

The Bankside Theatre is an out-of-door theatre constructed on the sloping banks of the English Coulee on the campus of the University of North Dakota, where in years long past the Indians met the English fur-traders of the Hudson's Bay Company.

A Pageant of the North-West

In making "A Pageant of the North-West," the Sock and Buskin Society undertook a task which seemed at the first impossible, but the untiring effort of all the co-partners in the work has made it now a reality.

The text of the pageant was written by eighteen undergraduate students in collaboration. It is in four parts, each part prepared by a group of four. One student wrote the prologue, the epilogue, and the interludes, while the music for the lyrics was composed by another.

The interludes were designed to suggest the spirit and form of the old ballad, and to indicate the mood of the scenes they introduce. The leading parts are chanted by the Spirit of Prophecy, the refrains by a chorus of Attending Spirits who dance an harmonious accompaniment.

In all essentials the historical facts have been strictly followed; in many cases the speeches have been retained in their original form. Native Indian music, recorded by Mr. Harold A. Loring, collector of songs and folk-lore of the American Indians for the United States government, has been introduced; and a group of full-blooded Chippewas with their costumes, trappings and instruments have been brought from the Turtle Mountain Reservation to take speaking parts in the scene, and so lend reality to the pageant.

The story of the pageant is in four parts. The first three parts relate the remarkable adventures and achievements of three heroic Frenchmen—Radisson, LaSalle, and Verendrye—whose vision of a western empire impelled them to win for the flag of France all the wide wilderness of the great North-West. First came the resourceful Radisson, preparing the way for the organization of the historic Hudson's Bay Company, in 1670; then, the gallant LaSalle, striving to unite the warring tribes of the upper Mississippi Valley into

a confederacy able to repel invasion, and protect the fur-traders who were to follow him; next, the far-sighted Verendrye, the first white man to follow the northern course of the Missouri River in the prairie country of what is now the Commonwealth of North Dakota. The fourth part, presenting the famous expedition of two intrepid Americans, Captains Lewis and Clark, marks the final conquest for the United States of all the country westward to the Great Sea. At their first winter camp, Fort Mandan, on the Missouri River, near the present site of Stanton, North Dakota, they found Sakakawea, the Bird-Woman, whose kindly leadership guided them safely over the dangerous mountain ranges to the sheltered valleys by the Western Sea.

Such is the story of "A Pageant of the North-West." It seems fitting to conclude it with the figure of Sakakawea, an embodiment of the undaunted will, and the friendliness of the homes of our great North-West.

In its communal authorship "A Pageant of the North-West" is perhaps without a precedent in modern pageant-making. The work, though long and hard,—for the writers were more than nine months in collecting the historical data and converting them into pageant form—has been altogether refreshing, recalling the very beginnings of literature in "those happy days," as Herder calls them, when literature "lived in the ears of the people, on the lips, and in the harps of living bards."

F. H. K.

The Pageant Direction

MASTER OF THE PAGEANT

Professor Frederick H. Koch

DIRECTOR OF HISTORICAL MATERIALS

Professor O. G. Libby

DIRECTOR OF THE MUSIC

Professor William W. Norton

DIRECTOR OF THE DANCING

Miss M. Esther Pike

DIRECTOR OF THE COSTUMING

Miss Flora E. Balch

DIRECTOR OF PROPERTIES AND SETTINGS

Mr. John Adams Taylor

DIRECTORS OF THE STAGE

**Miss Nella Kingsbury and
Mrs. Christine Nielson Myrben**

The Pageant Committees

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Professor W. G. Bek
Mr. Harry E. South

CONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE

Professor A. J. Becker
Professor E. F. Chandler
Professor E. B. Stephenson
Professor R. T. Young
Mr. C. A. Thompson
Mr. Floyd J. Stevens
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Mr. George A. Benson
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Professor George P. Jackson
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Mr. Thomas Whelan

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Mr. E. C. Griess
Mr. T. T. Lindsey
Miss Almira Jewett
Miss Hildegard Fried

BOOK COMMITTEE

Miss Ethel E. Halcrow
Mr. Henry A. Doak
Mr. William Whitford

The Pageant Writers

THE FIRST PART

Miss Johanna Londergan
Miss Inga Leine
Miss Eva Murphy
Mr. Morrill Cook

THE SECOND PART

Mr. Harry E. South
Miss Anne Bowman
Miss Majel Chase
Miss Ethel E. Halcrow

THE THIRD PART

Miss Vera Kelsey
Miss Catherine Hixon
Miss Margaret Kolars
Mr. Thomas Whelan

THE FOURTH PART

Miss Margaret Plank
Miss Merle Rutherford
Miss Emma Severson
Miss Mabel Hanson
Mr. William Whitford

THE LYRICS

Mr. Cecil McKay

THE MUSIC

Miss Margaret Plank

The Pageant Players

THE HERALD	George P. Jackson
THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY	Cecil McKay
ATTENDING SPIRITS	Anne Poupore, Inga Leine, Esther Halgren, Eva Poupore, Eva Rorke, Florence Gallup, Agnes Moe, Irene Cox, Else Rohde, Frances Collins, Jennie Gale, Stella Hoskins.

The First Part: Radisson

RADISSON	Harrison Brown
LORD MAYOR	Joseph Koucky
DUKE OF YORK	Alvin Stomner
PRINCE RUPERT	Wesley Johnston
SHIP OWNER	Porter Talcott
SEA CAPTAIN	John Graham
FIRST MERCHANT	Lester Smith
SECOND MERCHANT	Albert Lindstrom
THIRD MERCHANT	Orval McHaffie
FOURTH MERCHANT	Vernon McCutchan
TOM SMITH	Morrill Cook
FIRST NOBLEMAN	John Boeing
SECOND NOBLEMAN	Paul Matthews
THIRD NOBLEMAN	Mack Traynor
FOURTH NOBLEMAN	George Perrott
BUTCHER	Herbert Metzger
BAKER	Lloyd Reilly
BLACKSMITH	Wilbur Lycan
BUTCHERS' GILD	Claude McIver, Edwin Blenkner, Ralph Roy.

The First Part: Radisson (continued)

- BAKERS' GILD Amon Flaten,
W. Beard, Walter Tostevin, Sherman Pinkham.
- BLACKSMITHS' GILD Henry Murphy,
George Fingarson, W. Lycan, John Moore.
- BUTCHERS' WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS Katherine Allen,
Bella Reid, Ruth Carroll, Bertha Brainard Myrtle Halvorson.
- BAKERS' WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS Johanna Londergan
Ella Flynn, Olga Serungard, Elsie Dahl, Evelyn Hilleboe.
- BLACKSMITHS' WIVES Ella Thompson,
Amy Gronna, Maud Woods, Marion Hoover, Inez Williams.
- MERCHANTS' WIVES Margaret Plank,
Eva Murphy, Mabel Hanson, Alma Johnson, Avice Wright.
- THE MORRIS DANCERS: MEN Richard Thexton,
Don Payne, Robert Lowe, William Ellison, Carroll Johnson, Henry Roquette, John Jennison, Roland King, Frank Talcott, Louis Tellner, Laurence Thomas, Joe Snowfield.
- THE MORRIS DANCERS: WOMEN Margaret Geister,
Ethel Gemmel, Annie Miller, Elsie Mills, Mabel Martin, Mildred Noltimier, Florence Fried, Mabel Laxdahl, Myrtle White, Edith Hagert, Kathryn Robbins, Edith Youngberg.
- THE COUNTRY DANCERS—The members of the various gilds, their wives, and their sweethearts.

The Second Part: LaSalle

- LA SALLE Harry E. South
- TONTY Arthur Shaft
- FRIAR DOUAY Hume Bacon
- L'ARCHEVEQUE Henry Schwam
- DUHAUT Cuyler Anderson

The Second Part: La Salle (continued)

HIENS	Vine Lord
TEISSIER	Horace Webster
SURGEON LIOTOT	Lawrence Feetham
PAUGUK	Joseph Forster
KA-GI-GE-GI-ZHIG	LaRue Shaw
WA-BI-KE-KEK	John Harris
PE-MI-KAW-WED	Seymour Anderson
KE-BI-CUM-IG-ISH-KUNK	Sherman Schlosser
INDIAN GUIDE	Don Payne
ILLINOIS WARRIORS	Raymond Murray, Thomas Hesketh, John Hesketh, Theodore Roy, Harris Robinson, Lyal Merry, Earl Whitney, Bert Whitney.
MIAMI WARRIORS	Robert Mansfield Ernest Hancock, William Leenhouts, Lewis Casmey, Ivin Harris, Ernest Coon.
SHAWANOE WARRIORS	M. H. Bieseker, Herbert Miller, Charles Nollman, A. G. Hanson, A. J. Whitcomb, Frank Milloy, Richard Brooke, W. L. Johns, Monta Perry.
OTHER WARRIORS	Fred Wardwell Alonzo Grace, John Jennison.
ILLINOIS SQUAWS	Inez Moore, Hortense Moore, Grace Hilleboe, Mary Goldberg, Frances Cathro, Hildegard Fried, Vera Bollinger, Frances DuBois.
ILLINOIS MAIDENS	Vera Markell, Edna Rasmussen, Lila Burgett, Majel Chase, Inez Serum- gard, Bernice Budge, Anne Bowman, Anna Nestos, Ger- trude Egermayer, Edith Fisher, Gladys Humphrey, Anne Miller.
ILLINOIS CHILDREN	Edna Salt, Katherine Thian, Charlotte Maltman, Frank McVey, Vir- ginia McVey, Janette McVey, Margaret Libby, Frances Pettijohn, Margaret Gillette, Frances Jackson, William Pettijohn.

The Third Part: Verendrye

VERENDRYE	Randall Larson
PIERRE	Howard Houston
HENRY	Thomas Whelan
CHARLES	Porter Talcott
FATHER DEGONNOR	Alvin Stomner
DOCTOR	Wesley Johnston
MRS. MOWBRAY	Margaret Kolars
OCHAGACH	Lyall Merry
INDIAN GUIDE	Fred Gutknecht
TRAPPERS AND TRADERS	Arthur Shaft, George McClintock, Fred Mann, Elder Lium, Harry Fitch.
MERCHANTS	Orval McHaffie, Vernon McCutchan, Lester Smith, Edgar Gustafson.
ARTISANS	Henry Murphy, George Fingarson, Claude McIver, Amon Flaten.
FRUIT SELLER	Joe Snowfield
CONFETTI SELLERS	Richard Thexton, Don Payne.
PEDDLERS OF HORNS	Louis Tellner, Laurence Thomas.
MASQUERADERS	Morrill Cook, Robert Lowe, Carroll Johnson, William Ellison, Roland King, Frank Talcott.
FRENCHWOMEN	Gladys Hanawalt Alice Hunter, Hannah Thompson.
QUEEN OF THE CARNIVAL	Grace Loughlin
DAIS BEARERS	Hume Bacon, Sylvan Lyksett, Albin Eiland, Wilbur Lycan, John Muir, Ray Nollman, Victor Gies, Martien Cook.
FLOWER GIRLS	Grace Kolars, Genevieve O'Keefe, Florence Brett, Helen Alexander.

The Third Part: Herendrye (continued)

FLOWER DANCERS

Sweet Peas Vaughn Miller,
Kate Cowan, Elaine Baldwin, Evelyn Burnam.

Lilies Ruth Soule,
Jessie Grassick, Lois Tombs, Ruth Smith.

Pansies Louise Duggan,
Maude Martin, Hazel Ladd, Ione Beardsley.

Daisies Frances Londergan
Gertrude Healy, Martha Barnes, Winnifred Nelson.

CHILDREN Phyllis Perrott,
Mabel Perrott, Jessie Simpson, Robert Simpson, Kenneth
Becker, Marjorie Wilkerson, Helen Brush, Elizabeth Brush.

The Fourth Part: Lewis and Clark

CAPTAIN LEWIS Lawrence Feetham

CAPTAIN CLARK Hume Bacon

CHARBONNEAU William Boyce

BLACK CAT John Harris

BLACK MOCCASIN LaRue Shaw

SHEHEKA Seymour Anderson

LaRoche Arthur Shaft

McCracken George McClintock

JESSUAME Clayborn Angle

SAKAKAWEA.....ETHEL HALCROW

SERGEANT ORDWAY Ralph Roy

SERGEANT PRIOR Fred Taylor

SERGEANT GASS .. Wallace Patterson

PRIVATE COLTER Albert Sheets

PRIVATE FRAZER Elwood Patterson

PRIVATE FIELDS Frank Burns

PRIVATE HALL Elder Lium

PRIVATE WINDSOR Fred Mann

The Fourth Part: Lewis and Clark (continued)

HENDERSON	Albin Eiland
HANEY	Harry Fitch
YORK, a negro	Jack Johnson
LIGHTING CROW	Fred DuBois
EAGLE'S FEATHER	Henry Schwam
LITTLE RAVEN	Earl Franklin
BLACK BUFFALO	LaRoy Burdick
HORNED WEASEL	Rudolph Poelke
SEEING SNAKE	William Wyard
INDIAN YOUTHS	Howard Plank James Cosgriff.
MANDAN WARRIORS	Raymond Murray, Thomas Hesketh, John Hesketh, Theodore Roy, Harris Robinson, Lyall Merry, Earl Whitney, Bert Whitney, Ernest Coon, Ernest Hancock, Robert Mansfield, William Leenhouts, Lewis Casmey, Ivin Harris, M. H. Bieseker, Herbert Miller, Charles Nollman, A. G. Hanson, A. J. Whitcomb, Frank Milloy, Richard Brooke, W. L. Johns, Monta Perry, Alonzo Grace, Fred Wardwell.
INDIAN SQUAWS AND MAIDENS	Hortense Moore, Grace Hilleboe, Mary Goldberg, Frances Cathro, Inez Moore, Hildegard Fried, Vera Bollinger, Frances DuBois, Anne Bowman, Vera Markell, Edna Rasmussen, Anna Nestos, Lila Burgett, Gertrude Egermayer, Majel Chase, Edith Fisher, Inez Serumgard, Gladys Humphrey, Bernice Budge, Anne Miller.
INDIAN CHILDREN	Edna Salt, Charlotte Maltman, Katherine Thian, Margaret Libby, Frank McVey, Virginia McVey, Janette McVey, Francis Pettijohn, Margaret Gillette.
<i>A group of full-blooded Indians of the Chippewa tribe from the Turtle Mountain Reservation will take part in the Indian scenes.</i>	
PROMPTER	Miss Merle Rutherford

A Pageant of the North-West

The Pageant is announced by three trumpet calls of the Herald.

The Prologue

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.

A stalwart old man in gray robe, bearing in his hand his prophet's staff.

We beg you, gentle auditors, bear with us patiently,
While we present before you on this stage
Scenes quite forgotten, though the time is short,
Lives these great heroes lived and dared—the dangers
Of portage and prairie. The watchful savage,
Fearing lest they should drive him from his home,
Opposed their progress and proved a formidable enemy.
What paltry stage, we pray, can picture to you
The mighty hardships which these men endured.
But on this turf, under the open sky,
Here in this natural theatre, which we have named
Bankside, in memory of Shakespeare, our eternal bard,
Behold bold Radisson, newly arrived in London,
Reciting to the eager merchants there
Tales of adventure in that distant land
Far to the north of those small English settlements
Scattered along the great Atlantic's shore.
Behold La Salle, forming a friendly bond
At Starved Rock with the Illinois,
Attempting to unite for strong defense
That nation with the jealous neighboring tribes.
Verendrye we will next present to you,

Striving to reach the distant Western Sea,
Wandering on through many tedious years,
Till weary with his failure, he turns back
To die; yet still undaunted his three sons
Press on, determined to complete the task.
They also fail to reach the goal, and die.
Next shall you see Lewis and Clark, two men
Who owe their exploration's great success
To the Bird-Woman, Sakakawea.
She guided safely over peak and plain
Until the broad Pacific's shore was reached.
Let the events which we will picture here,
Fill you with pride for this our native state,
Whose soil the feet of these brave men once pressed.



Radisson

“That intrepid French explorer and trader whose career bears nothing in it so worthy of his daring and of his resourcefulness as the part he took in the founding of the Hudson’s Bay Company.”

—Libby.

The First Part: Radisson

THE FORMATION OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, 1667.

Scene: London, The Gild Hall.

The Gild Hall, garlanded in festive colors, awaits the coming of the merchants and tradesmen of London-town, for to-day they hold high holiday and make great revelling. Shouts are heard from the crowd, off-stage—"Here they come! They come." "The Gild Parade!" Trumpets sound far down the street. The procession approaches, with ever increased enthusiasm from the crowd.

Morris players, with their quaint costumes and dances, enter the Hall, leading the procession. Then, preceded by two courtly torchbearers, comes the Mayor, strutting proudly along, and acknowledging with great dignity the cheers of the crowd. Next are the merchants, marching haughtily along with their wives, and carrying a huge purple banner with the inscription, "Merchant Gild of London," in large gold letters. Then come the bakers, dressed in white jackets, caps, and trousers, carrying a great loaf of bread, waving to their friends, and dancing along with their wives and sweethearts. Then follow in order the glovers, carrying a huge glove; the blacksmiths with their leather aprons, carrying a large wooden horse shoe; the hatters with a great hat; the goldsmiths with a banner; and the apothecaries with a large mortar and pestle. The parade is completed by the butchers' gild with the members dressed in white aprons and caps, carrying a boar's head. The Morris players dance toward the center of the stage while the rest of the procession arrange themselves, with jest and laughter, at the back. Small, lithe Tom Smith, the baker, pokes prim Miss Lucinda Brown, the glover's sweetheart, because he knows she will scream and shock herself and her sweetheart, too. Then he trips Jones, the hatter, who struts along so proudly.

A PAGEANT OF THE NORTH-WEST

Wherever Tom goes you may be sure mischief is afoot, and Tom goes everywhere. But see, attention is drawn toward the center of the stage, for there the dance of the Morris players is in full swing. What wild, free movements, suggesting open fields, wholesome hearts. Indeed, it is nature's own expression of joy! Fat, jovial Brown, the baker, grabs Mrs. Hawkins, the blacksmith's wife, and awkwardly tries to imitate the dancers, but succeeds only in tripping poor Mrs. Hawkins, who does not look as if she were enjoying Brown's attentions. The Morris dancers finish, and their success is vouched for by the wild applause and cheers of the merry-makers. The crowd can no longer resist the music, and in a wink an old-fashioned country-dance is in progress. Suddenly, in the midst of the merriment, the herald blows his trumpet. What can this mean? The revelling ceases instantly, and everyone is breathless with expectation.

The trumpeter has hardly ceased his call when there enters a group of men who, from their very bearing, suggest aristocracy. Yes, that is the Duke of York in advance; all eyes are directed to the two men behind him who are so earnestly engaged in discussion. One is surely Prince Rupert, but who is the stranger with him? It is Radisson, the famous French explorer. Several noblemen, shipowners, and sea captains follow, but they receive scant attention from the crowd. The regal party advances toward the Lord Mayor, who struts out pompously to receive them. After a few words with the Duke, he holds up his hand for silence and addresses the crowd.

LORD MAYOR:

Hold! The Duke of York is come!

The Duke steps forward on the platform. He is tall, dignified, stately, but too much an egotist to be a favorite with the people. With much pomp he addresses the crowd.

THE FIRST PART: RADISSON

DUKE OF YORK:

Loyal subjects of the King! To England has come a great explorer—Radisson. He has been in the wilderness of America and comes to present to you an enterprise of great worth. Let all respect be shown him.

Radisson steps out from the crowd. Tall, straight as an arrow, he stands. His hair is dark, streaked with gray, his features clear cut and firm, his face lined with marks of struggle and privation. The dauntless will gleaming from his eyes marks him as a leader of men.

RADISSON:

Merchants and craftsmen of London! I have come from the court of Louis of France. I sought the support of the French in a great enterprise, promising rich returns. My own countrymen failed to grasp this opportunity. I come to you, you leaders of industry, you promoters of trade, to offer you a place in this venture for vast riches beyond the Great Lakes of America.

THE CROWD:

Hear! Hear!

A BUTCHER:

In the merrymaking he stood apart, disgruntled; now he shouts sneeringly.

H'm! If this enterprise is so fine, why wouldn't France have it? It looks funny to me.

A GLOVER:

Big chunk to swallow.

Several others, who are distrustful of anything French, are silenced by the crowd.

A PAGEANT OF THE NORTH-WEST

THE CROWD:

Impatiently.

Peace! Ho! Hear! Hear Radisson! Aye! Aye! Radisson!

The irrepressible Tom Smith shoves the butcher's hat over his face.

RADISSON:

For three years, with my good companion Grosseilliers, I have been in the north of this new country. Here no white man had yet come. The natives live by hunting in the winter and fishing in the summer. There is, in this country, a vast supply of furs, an inexhaustible harvest. It is awaiting you. You have only to come for it. The Indians are friendly. They offered us their pelts for mere trinkets. You have only to establish small trading posts. With a supply of bright color, the wealth, the entire wealth, of this great country is yours!

The crowd has listened with intense interest, and with exclamations of wonder and surprise separates into excited groups.

DUKE OF YORK:

Rising pompously.

Loyal subjects of the King! Truly, this is an opportune occasion. Opened before us we see a vast land teeming with untouched wealth. Sons of England! Behold in this the vast opportunity to assure England's future greatness. I, myself, will offer to head the company which shall further England's glory and make her the nation above all others in the world of commerce.

LORD MAYOR:

He steps forward to display his blatant rhetoric.

Worthy citizens of London! This is indeed a magnificent opportunity. We should take advantage of it. It means wealth! Un-

THE FIRST PART: RADISSON

valued wealth! And who here does not wish to be rich? We will send ships to this land of buffaloes and beaver, and we will supply the whole world with furs. We must make England the mistress of the world in the fur trade. And ours, worthy citizens, ours shall be the profit and honor of this magnanimous undertaking.

During the Mayor's speech, Tom Smith, on the edge of the crowd, and so placed that the Mayor cannot see him, imitates with exaggeration the Mayor's oratorical efforts. Some titter and nudge each other, but when the Mayor finishes, they give him hearty applause, and cheer lustily. A merchant trader then rises. During his speech some nod their heads in approval, others turn to their neighbors with a brief, "He's right. This is a good thing."

A MERCHANT TRADER:

Fellow-citizens, this has been a subject of much concern to me. Conditions demand a change. Our fur supplies are giving out. In Virginia they were long ago exhausted; in the southern colonies and Massachusetts they are running low. In New York alone is there still a brisk fur trade. If we, as traders, wish to hold our position, we must find a new source of supplies. This man has found what we are looking for, an unexplored country with natives eager to barter with us. I am in favor of seizing this opportunity, organizing a company, and at once planting the English flag on this domain.

The crowd applauds with good spirit.

A SHIP OWNER:

This plan meets with my hearty approval because it fosters an industry for which England is naturally adapted. We have ever been a maritime power, steadily advancing, until now our position is unquestioned. But we cannot rest on our laurels; the Dutch and

A PAGEANT OF THE NORTH-WEST

the French are our close rivals. This opportunity is unparalleled. Let us seize it, and by building up a steady commercial intercourse between this new land and our own, we will make England mistress of the seas.

A SEA CAPTAIN:

You're right, Captain. It's a mighty fine chance to get even. Just watch France when she hears of it. Ha! Ha! We beat the Dutch and we beat the Spaniards; now for the French!

Various expressions of approval and disapproval from the crowd.

PRINCE RUPERT:

Merchants and craftsmen of London! I am greatly interested in this plan, this wonderful enterprise. But we must work together. I suggest that we organize a company, naming it after that great region where we shall work, Hudson Bay. We must first issue stock and approximate the financial support we shall receive. I, for one, will take stock amounting to £300.

DUKE OF YORK:

Prince, I, too, will pledge £300.

PRINCE RUPERT:

Ah, the Duke of York pledges £300.

FIRST NOBLEMAN:

I pledge £600.

SECOND NOBLEMAN:

And I, £700.

THIRD NOBLEMAN:

I will pledge £500.

THE FIRST PART: RADISSON

A SHIP OWNER:

I pledge £150.

A SEA CAPTAIN:

He has been making up a pool with some of his companions, and now holds up two or three sacks of money in one hand, raises the other and shouts:

And we pledge £25.

A BAKER:

Amongst the bakers another pool has been made, and one of their number announces the result.

Our craft pledges £20.

LORD MAYOR:

I, myself, will pledge £17.

PRINCE RUPERT:

Ah, now I am assured of financial support. We have only to obtain a charter from the King, and select a patron or leader. When this is done nothing can prevent our success.

THE CROWD:

Radisson! Radisson!

RADISSON:

People of London! My heart is filled with gratitude at your generous reception of my plan. You have proved yourselves a great commercial people. You have shown the world your wonderful insight, your swiftness in grasping opportunities, your commercial wisdom. The time has now come for you to use your great power and limitless resources in this work. I will stake my life to make it a success, and I know that, together, we shall win.

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We shall make the Hudson's Bay Company the greatest and richest commercial enterprise the world has yet known.

THE CROWD:

As the explorer and the ducal patry leave the Hall, the merry-makers follow dancing and shouting.

Radisson! Radisson! Radisson!



La Salle

“He belonged not to the age of the knight-errant and the saint, but to the modern world of practical study and practical action. America owes him an enduring memory; for in this masculine figure she sees the pioneer who guided her to the possession of her richest heritage.”

—Parkman.

Interlude

A SONG FOR THE DEAD.

To be chanted by the SPIRIT OF PROPHECY and the

ATTENDING SPIRITS.

I.

Weep, weep, there is cause to weep,
Weep, weep, there is cause for grief,
Weep, weep, let the red blood seep,
Into the cruel, thirsty ground.

Weep, weep, there is cause to weep,
Weep, weep, there is cause for grief,
Weep, weep, the dark blood does seep,
Into the cold, thirsty ground.

II.

Vow, vow that the dead, the slain,
Shall, shall be avenged, avenged;
Vow, vow that the dreadful stain,
Shall, shall be wiped from thy name.

Weep, weep, there is cause to weep,
Weep, weep, there is cause for grief,
Weep, weep, shall the red blood seep,
And the dead be unavenged?

III.

Pledge, pledge to LaSalle your trust,
Pledge, pledge that the foe may fear;
Pledge, pledge, shall the carbine rust
And the dead be unavenged?

Wail, wail, there is cause to wail,
Wail, wail, there is cause for grief,
Wail, wail, but the foe shall quail,
And the slaughtered shall be avenged.

The Second Part: La Salle

EPISODE 1. PAUGUK, THE INDIAN OMEN OF DEATH.

Scene: A typical Indian lodge.

Squaws emerge from the tepees and light the camp fire. Children play about the fire and among the tepees. Here a boy is trying to replace a broken bow-string. The squaws are busy; some making moccasins, one grinding corn, and still others getting ready the evening meal. A young girl is seen making a basket, and another is weaving a mat.

Suddenly a hush comes over the camp. Unexpected, unannounced, unseen, from the rear comes Pauguk, the Indian embodiment of Death, grim, stern, foreboding. He stands for a moment, unnoticed. Then, waving his bat-like wings slightly, he fixes his stare on a group of warriors silently approaching from the distance. The very absence of all sounds is ominous. One of the squaws, as if impelled by an unseen power, turns her gaze upon Pauguk. The woman struggles against the force which is impelling her to turn; but slowly, irresistibly, she is forced to yield. The others turn also. All stand watching Pauguk in terror-stricken expectancy. The warriors enter with their gruesome burdens. As the women recognize the dead bodies of their braves, they rock to and fro, wailing.

The wail is wierd, uncanny. It is a cry for the departed soul. In it is heard the quavering lament of the lonely wolf, the story of the fruitless hunt, the tale of the deserted tepee, and the unkept camp-fire. It rises and falls as the changing tide. It is the cry of the untamed human heart.

The unrelenting figure of Pauguk remains motionless, gazing grimly on the scene. The bodies are deposited on rude litters. Various squaws approach, and remove the burial wrappings from the

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faces, to recognize their dead. Then the men bear off their burdens to the funeral scaffolds, followed by the mourning squaws and children. *The scaffolds of rude poles and bark are visible to the audience just off the stage, right, and a little to the rear.* Behind them stands Pauguk, immovable, a silent witness of the cruelty of their savage enemy, the Iroquois. The wailing continues while the bodies are raised to the scaffolds. When they are placed at rest, the imposing figure of Pauguk rises to his full height, stretches up his ominous wings, and gloats over the scene. Then the sorrowing Illinois return to their tepees in stoic submission*

*The Dirge for the Dead in the burial ceremony, and other Indian music in the Pageant, is native music recorded by Mr. Harold A. Loring, collector of the songs and folklore of the American Indians for the United States government, and is used by his permission.

The Second Part: La Salle

EPISODE II. THE GRAND COUNCIL. 1681.

Scene: Starved Rock, Illinois.

A grand council has been called, at which LaSalle is to talk to the Indians and propose his plans. Seated for the council are Miami, Illinois, Abenakis, Mohegans, Foxes, and others, all waiting for LaSalle to appear. Suddenly LaSalle and Tonty, LaSalle's right hand man, with an Indian guide, are seen approaching in a canoe. LaSalle and Tonty alight. They are greeted with grave ceremony by the different chieftains, and given the place of honor. LaSalle arises and greets the council.

LA SALLE:

Children! Mighty chiefs of the Illinois, Miami, and Mohegans—brave warriors! I am glad to see you here. Here a fire has been lighted for you to smoke by. You have done well, my children, to obey the command of the white chief in coming together. You will hear his word, which is full of peace and friendship. (*Interpreter.*) I come not for war, but for peace. It is good work that brings us together in council. Courage, then, my children! As a sign of our friendship, we will smoke the tobacco sent from the Great White King. (*Interpreter.*)

Tonty distributes the tobacco; first to the chiefs, then the warriors, each according to his rank. They smoke the pipe of peace.

LA SALLE:

He addresses the Illinois.

To you, Ka-gi-ge-gi-zhig, chief of the Illinois, and your brave warriors, greatest of the western tribes, I speak. For you, O Illi-

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nois, whose dead are many as the birds of the forest, the Great Father is pleading. He would save the lives of his people. Where is the Illinois village? The meadow is black with fire. Everywhere there are heaps of ashes. (*Interpreter.*) Where are the warriors? Howling wolves feed on your dead. The air is black with buzzards. Your dead are torn down from the scaffolds. Their bones lie bleaching in the sun. Everywhere on the blackened poles of your wigwams are the bloody heads of your old men, and all about the the half-burned bodies of your women and children bound to the stakes. Your caches have been robbed. Your maize fields have been burned. All is dead and bare. The sun sets on a wilderness. (*Interpreter.*)

He stops speaking for a moment, and half suppressed wailing is heard.

LASALLE:

My heart is sad to see no canoes on the water, no hunters in the woods, no lodges in your villages, to hear no welcome from your warriors. Therefore have I come, my children, to bring cloths to cover your dead and many presents to do them honor. It is the Iroquois who have killed your people and destroyed your villages. The ominous red stone the Iroquois have left behind them, a cruel sign of their outrages. (*Interpreter.*) The Iroquois are subjects of the Great White King and LaSalle, [*Gesture to himself*] but they have disobeyed. The Great King is angry. LaSalle is angry. I promised you guns and protection. You doubted me. Your enemies came like wolves to devour you. Your brother, LaSalle, has come to offer you protection. He will live among you and supply you with goods, and you will live at peace. (*Interpreter.*)

LaSalle sits down. Illinois chief rises and speaks.

ILLINOIS CHIEF: KA-GI-GE-GI-ZHIG (*His-sun-never-sets*):
The paleface is a great warrior. We will call him chief. We will

THE SECOND PART: LASALLE

go to our people. We will all live in peace. [*Holds up calumet.*]
We will bring to the white chief much corn. He shall be our chief.
(*Interpreter.*)

TONTY:

He addresses the Miami.

Mighty Miami, you have lost your chief, and the great LaSalle has come to fill his place. He will take the name of your dead chieftain. He will support his squaws and children. (*Interpreter.*)

The Miami grunt in approval. Tonty hands two belts of wampum to their representatives.

LASALLE:

He speaks to the Miami.

My master, the French King, is a great ruler. The chiefs you have seen are but children beside him. He is a great tree, and they are blades of grass. He will protect you. You must live at peace with the Illinois. You are foolish to form a league with the Iroquois. If they destroy the Illinois, they will next destroy you. You must be all one great family. [*Gesture to all the tribes*]. If you will be children of the great French king, we will drive out the enemy and build up a powerful people. (*Interpreter.*)

They listen, well pleased. LaSalle sits.

MIAMI CHIEF: WA-BI-KE-KEK (White Hawk):

He rises.

Brave warrior of the Great White King, the Illinois is our brother. We will live at peace with him. (*Interpreter.*)

Illinois chief rises. LaSalle and Tonty rise.

TONTY:

My chief has said that he will keep back the Iroquois. He has promised you the protection of the Great King. You do well to

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trust him. You will have much game and corn and wampum. (*Interpreter.*)

At this point an Illinois brave enters, and stands at the edge of the council with hand upraised. The Illinois chief beckons him in. In the Indian sign language, he informs his chief that there is a band of Shawanoes outside who wish admittance. The chief gives his consent. The brave departs, then returns before a Shawanoe chief and ten warriors. The Shawanoe chief, Pe-mi-ka-w-wed (He-who makes-foot-tracks-going-by), expresses in pantomime his desire to speak to LaSalle, and permission is given. Through sign language, LaSalle discovers that he has come all the way from the Ohio River to seek the protection of the French. LaSalle tells him that the home of the Shawanoes by the Ohio is too distant, but that if they will come to the Illinois they shall be safe. Pe-mi-ka-w-wed promises to join LaSalle in the autumn at Fort Miami. All are now seated with the exception of LaSalle, who closes the council.

LASALLE:

Brothers, it is well. No more can the Iroquois trouble you. The faces of your children will be bright again. Your hunt will be successful. Your corn fields will not be destroyed. The French will live among you. They will build up a great nation here. It will include all the tribes from the Great Sea Water toward the Rising Sun to the land of the Sioux, and open up the country to the mouth of the Father of Waters. They will buy your furs and sell you the goods of the white man. The smoke of this council fire shall spread over the whole country, and we will all live at peace. (*Interpreter.*)

He indicates by a gesture that the council is closed. The Indians gradually disperse, and LaSalle and Tonty retire to the canoe. The Indian paddles them slowly out of sight.

The Second Part: La Salle

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.

Six years have passed since bold LaSalle gathered
The warring tribes around his council fire
And bade them dwell in peace with one another.
But now, he, who could unify the savages,
Is powerless to restrain his followers.
Daily their spirits grow more discontent,
Until mutiny breaks forth, and he,
Who led them through the wilderness, himself is slain.

The Second Part: La Salle

EPISODE III. THE DEATH OF LASALLE. 1687.

Scene: A Wilderness Camp, in what is now Texas.

At the time this scene takes place, LaSalle and his party are on their way to Canada. Joutel, a trusty soldier from Fort St. Louis, is with them. He is to go to Quebec and to proceed thence to France to solicit aid for the colony, while LaSalle is to return to Texas. They are not a prosperous looking company. They lead with them their five horses, laden with their scanty baggage; and, what is of no less importance, their stock of presents for the Indians. Some wear the remains of the clothing they have worn from France, eked out with deer skins, dressed in the Indian manner, and some have coats of old sail-cloth. Here is LaSalle, in whom one would know at a glance the chief of the party. Here, too, are his nephews, Moranget and young Cavelier; the trusty soldier, Joutel; and the friar Anastase Douay. Also, here is Duhaut, a man of respectable birth and education; and Liotot, the surgeon of the party. The other men are Hiens, a German ex-buccaneer; L'Archeveque, a servant of Duhaut; Nika, LaSalle's Indian hunter, who has twice crossed the ocean with him; Saget, his faithful servant, and others to the number of seventeen. They are a motley group. At home they might perhaps have lived and died with a fair repute; but the wilderness is a rude touchstone, which often reveals traits that would have lain buried and unsuspected in civilized life.

They have not been an harmonious company. LaSalle has not been in good favor with his men because of his cold and haughty reserve. Duhaut and the surgeon Liotot, both of whom have a large pecuniary interest in LaSalle's enterprise of colonization, are disappointed in its unprofitable results. They have quarreled with

THE SECOND PART: LASALLE

young Moranget, LaSalle's nephew. There have been several intrigues. It is even stated on good authority that Liotot has secretly sworn vengeance on LaSalle, whom he holds responsible for the death of his brother. On a former journey this young man's strength had failed, LaSalle had ordered him to return to the fort, and he had been killed by Indians on the way.

On the 15th of March, the party camped within a few miles of a spot which LaSalle had passed on a preceding journey, and where he had left some Indian corn and beans in cache. Provisions were short, so LaSalle sent a party from camp to find it. These men were Duhaut, Liotot, Hiens, the buccaneer, Teissier, L'Archeveque, Nika, the hunter, and LaSalle's servant, Saget. They found the contents of the cache spoiled, but Nika managed to shoot two buffaloes. They encamped on the spot, and sent the servant to ask LaSalle to send horses to bring in the meat. Accordingly, LaSalle sent Moranget and DeMarle, with the necessary horses, to go with Saget to the hunters' camp. When they arrived they found that Duhaut and his companions had already cut up the meat, and laid it upon scaffolds for smoking. Duhaut and the others had also put by, for themselves, certain portions of the meat to which, by woodland custom, they had a perfect right. Moranget fell into a most unreasonable fit of rage, berated and menaced Duhaut and his party, and ended by seizing upon the whole of the meat, including the reserved portions. This added fuel to the fire of Duhaut's old grudge against Moranget and his uncle. He took counsel apart with Hiens, Teissier, and L'Archeveque, and they decided to kill Moranget that night. The plot was kept secret. Night came; and while Moranget, Saget, and Nika were peacefully sleeping, the villainous plotters foully murdered all three. Even DeMarle was forced to compromise himself.

LaSalle, meanwhile, anxiously waited one day; and then,

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alarmed by the delay, set out in a canoe with Friar Douay and an Indian guide to search for them. This scene opens with the mutineers in camp, shortly before LaSalle discovers them. L'Archeveque, Duhaut, the surgeon Liotet, Hiens, and Tiessier are in temporary camp. They walk in, all talking earnestly.

L'ARCHEVEQUE:

LaSalle will search for us. He will suspect something.

DUHAUT:

LaSalle, indeed! [Sneers.] Let me hear no more of the overbearing fellow. He tried to give that insolent Moranget command over us. We had to kill him. We endured his impudence too long.

L'ARCHEVEQUE:

Let LaSalle die too! It is his turn now. We are all tired of his foolish delays and his haughty treatment. Why wait longer? Let him die!

Two shots are heard. All are startled.

DUHAUT:

Back! 'Tis he! He seeks Moranget! Are you ready? We'll hide in the reeds. You wait here. [To L'Archeveque.] Make him angry. Then we'll have an excuse for attacking him.

All hide, except L'Archeveque, who remains in sight. LaSalle, Friar Douay, and Ke-be-cum-ig-ish-kunk (He-who-treads-the-earth-to-the-end), the Indian guide, come up the river in the canoe. They land at a short distance from L'Archeveque and the hidden men.

FRIAR DOUAY:

Here are footprints! [LaSalle moves forward impatiently.] Yes, my son, but you must not be rash. Remember you do not deal with Indians now, but with treacherous white men!

THE SECOND PART: LASALLE

LASALLE:

True, true! All my life I have regretted that I could not manage my men. Always I could control the Indians, but not my own men.

FRIAR DOUAY:

But, my son, you have been successful. You have opened up the great country of the Mississippi. You have done much for France. Even though you have not been able to control white men, you have been successful. Here—who is that?

LASALLE:

He goes toward the figure.

Holla there! L'Archeveque! Where are the men? Where is Moranget?

L'Archeveque does not answer, and LaSalle continues.

Where are they? Answer me!

L'ARCHEVEQUE:

He answers with cool and studied insolence.

Wandering about——somewhere.

LASALLE:

He advances toward him threateningly.

Where are they, I say! Answer me, or I'll——

L'ARCHEVEQUE:

He retreats nearer to hiding place.

Somewhere here. Don't know. Don't care.

LaSalle is angry. He rushes at L'Archeveque and comes nearer to the ambuscade. A shot is fired from the grass; then another. LaSalle drops dead. The friar stands terror-stricken. Duhaut rushes from the bushes and calls to the friar.

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DUHAUT:

Not you, father, not you! It was LaSalle we wanted. He'll not rob us of our money! He'll not ruin us! He'll not lead us to death. His skulking dog, Moranget, won't rule us!

The Friar bends over the body of LaSalle. Others gather around.

LIOTOT:

He cries out in exultation.

There thou liest, great Bashaw, there thou liest!

The Indian guide falls on the body, but is kicked away. The murderers mock at the body and drag it into the bushes, followed by the guide and the friar, who crosses himself repeatedly.



Herendrye

“He sketched the broad outlines of a fur trade empire for the greater North-West, but the consummation of his far-reaching designs came in a later generation and under an alien flag.”

—Libby

Interlude

THE VOYAGEUR'S BOAT SONG

*To be chanted by the SPIRIT OF PROPHECY and the
ATTENDANT SPIRITS*

I.

Ho, ho, the rushing stream is foaming,

Ho, ho, the boat is wet with spray,

Ho, ho, we love the life of roaming,

Roaming, roaming through the quiet day.

II.

Ho, ho, the portage now approaching,

Ho, ho, the sturdy back must bend,

Ho, ho, who here will bear reproaching;

Reproaching, reproaching his sluggard ways to mend.

III.

Ho, ho, the bright camp fire is glowing,

Ho, ho, the meat is on the fire,

Ho, ho, the cool north wind is blowing,

Blowing, blowing the tossing pine to tire.

IV.

Ho, ho, the morning light is breaking,

Ho, ho, we greet the coming day,

Ho, ho, we boatsmen now are taking,

Taking, taking again our joyful way.

The Third Part: Verendrye

EPISODE I. THE DEPARTURE OF VERENDRYE. 1741.

Scene: Montreal, Bon Secours Market. A sunny morning.

It is early May in the year 1741. The last snow has disappeared, and the first flowers promise spring. The yearly Carnival celebrating the Passing of Winter and the Coming of Spring is, therefore, the important event of the day. In the background, the market-stalls are festooned with every gay hue, flags, bunting, pennons, rosettes, streamers—in fact, all manner of things which fly, and flutter, and invite the eye.

The little square is packed with a happy-faced humanity, all decorated for the occasion—some in grotesque costumes, others with gay or hideous masks. Even the poorest wear some ribbon or flower in honor of the gala occasion.

Trappers, rivermen, tradesmen, artisans, all in their best with bright scarf or sashes flying; gay young girls in bright dresses; fathers of families bearing laughing children on their shoulders, while proudly smiling mothers follow; groups of frolicking, bumping, jumping children; shy couples, bold couples, but all happy couples—in fact, the entire town, it seems, has come for the great holiday of spring. The crowd separates good-naturedly to allow old women, who have come out to see the world, to be helped through and seated on benches by the river, where they may blink placidly in the sun, and watch the people and the river flowing past.

Gay, pretty flower-girls weave through the crowd displaying their posies and smiles equally well; aged fruit sellers, trumpet-voiced confetti men, peddlers of horns and whistles; the cheerful clamor of speech and song fills the air. There are cries of venders, screams from the flower girls when some would-be purchaser attempts to take a kiss instead of his rose; there are gay streamers, showers of

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confetti, and blossoms everywhere. A long line of young men—grotesquely masked and costumed—with arms on each other's shoulders, serpentine through the crowd. Their number gradually increases, leaving deserted mothers, sisters, and sweethearts gazing enviously after them. A travelling marionette show sends the crowds about it into shrieks of laughter. As it moves about from place to place the small boys follow, tugging after, and pushing for the choice positions. Curious vehicles come and go. One family rides proudly in and out in a pink cheese-cloth-covered wheel-barrow, propelled by the blacksmith father amidst peltings of confetti.

A bugle sounds! A hush falls over the crowd! As if by magic a way clears. Amidst cheers and showers of confetti and flowers, Our Lady of Spring arrives, throned on a blossom-decked and canopied dais borne by eight young men. Her robe is of pink, the pink of rose-time. In her hair is a wreath of peach-blossoms. Forty girls, representing different spring flowers, follow dancing and singing. Some wave flowering wands. Others with baskets, scatter petals over the applauding crowd. The dais of Our Lady of Spring is placed in the foreground by the river-side, while her attendants kneel before her.

Our Lady rises, waves her wand, and a space in the center is rapidly cleared. Three or four guitar players at the left of the crowd play a lively French air. The flower girls skip into the center and, amidst cheering and enthusiastic applause from the crowd, dance the old French Dance of the Spirit of Spring. Back and forth, in and out, they swing and sway in the rhythm of the dance while the bystanders watch, fascinated.

When the excitement is highest, one of the musicians looking back, sees approaching a group contrasting strangely with the revelers. The other musicians, noting their companion's silence, turn in the same direction, then cease playing. This stops the dance.

THE THIRD PART: VERENDRYE

As the group draws near, one of the bystanders recognizes the brave voyageur, La Verendrye. His cry of "Verendrye! Verendrye!" is quickly taken up by the others and "Vive La Verendrye! Bravo! Bravo! Verendrye!" echoes and reechoes.

First come several men whose dress, guns and luggage indicate them to be hunters and trappers. They are excited and talk with vehement gestures. Behind them stride, stolidly, several Indians accompanied by two or three squaws. A short distance behind, Verendrye, his three sons, his nephew, La Jeremaye, and a priest walk slowly and thoughtfully. They are talking seriously, and every little while Verendrye refers to the map in his hands. At the sound of the cheers from the crowd, the approaching group looks up. Some of the traders respond with yells and waves of the hand; the Indians, however, retain their stolid composure. Verendrye looking up, smiles, takes off his hat, and then returns to his discussion with the priest.

A way opens through the crowd, and the traders and Indians go to their canoes to arrange the luggage. Some of them turn to speak to different ones in the crowd. The Indians stand aside in a group, watching, while Verendrye and his party stand apart on the right, eagerly scanning the map.

The priest, leaving Verendrye and his sons still intent upon the chart, advances towards the canoes. There are murmurs of "Father Degonnor," and the crowd moves back to allow him to pass. Father Degonnor stands a moment silent, then turning towards the crowd, lifts his hand. The murmur quickly dies out. Even the irrepressible vendors are silent, and stand watching him intently.

FATHER DEGONNOR:

My children, our brave commander is going on a far journey—a journey of danger and hardship. He has sought aid of the king in

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vain. He has asked aid of the governor and received only words. Now, alone and without aid, he goes to find the Western Sea. He goes to discover land and wealth—not for himself, but for the country which so neglects him.

THE CROWD:

Verendrye! Verendrye! Vive La Verendrye!

At the sound, Verendrye looks up, and comes slowly towards the canoes amidst cheers. Some rush to meet him, others gather about his canoe, all expressing their admiration for him and belief in his expedition. Upon reaching his canoe, Verendrye turns and looks back toward the people, but his eye rests on Charles, his youngest son, who is to be left behind.

VERENDRYE:

Adieu, comrades. [*Deeply moved.*] We go in search of the Western Sea. This chief, Ochagach, [*indicating the big Indian*], has brought us word of a westward flowing river. He has told us of a sea which ebbs and flows. He has told us of a great salt lake and many villages. I believe this chief. I believe that this points to a true way to the Western Sea—a way to the north through the land of the Cristineaux and Assiniboins. The king has refused us aid, but, believing that this expedition will add to the glory and wealth of France, we offer our own money, our own lives for this service.

The crowd stands for a moment silent, then cheer after cheer goes up, silenced only by Father Degonnor coming forward and placing his hand on Verendrye's shoulder.

FATHER DEGONNOR:

That you will undergo such sacrifice and hardship for France is noble. Though France now does not respond, she will yet appreciate

THE THIRD PART: VERENDRYE

and repay you. Let us now, however, as always, show our loyalty and patriotism to her flag.

Amidst cheers he unfolds the old flag of France, a white field covered with gold fleur de lis. Then every hat is removed and in silence Father Degonner fastens the flag to the front of Verendrye's canoe.

VERENDRYE:

He turns to the priest.

Under the flag of France, and with the blessing of God may we go.

FATHER DEGONNOR:

He raises his hand, while the crowd kneels, and makes the sign of the cross over them.

Benedicat vos, omnipotens Deus Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus.
Amen,

Verendrye and his sons bid farewell to Charles and step into their canoes. As they push off there is a great cheering from the shore. Some one on shore starts the words "Malbrouck s'en Va t'en Guerre." Others take it up. Soon all are singing, and continue singing till the canoes disappear in the distance. Then the dais of Our Lady of Spring is once more borne aloft, the flower maidens take their places, dancing gracefully, while the carnival procession winds its way and disappears among the trees.

The Third Part: Verendrye

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY

Eight years have passed since Verendrye left
To seek the distant, unknown Western Sea.
He now returns, a worn-out, feeble man,
Broken in health, but strong in spirit still,
And sends his sons to finish his great task.
He dies among his friends in Montreal.

The Third Part: Verendrye

EPISODE II. THE DEATH OF VERENDRYE. 1749.

Scene: *Montreal, Verendrye's Garden. Afternoon.*

It is the autumn of 1749, and the warm sun fills every nook and corner of Verendrye's garden. In the sunniest spot is a rustic table and a large chair. Upon the table are books and papers. Mrs. Mowbray, Verendrye's housekeeper, comes out with her arms full of pillows, and arranges them in the chair. Slowly Verendrye approaches from the house, leaning upon the arm of his youngest son, Charles. He is very feeble and stops now and then to rest. Charles is carrying more books and papers. Verendrye sinks down wearily into his seat, while Charles and the housekeeper arrange the cushions about him. Verendrye speaks with indomitable hopefulness.

VERENDRYE:

Are there any letters or messages, Charles?

CHARLES:

He tries to conceal his anxiety and arranges the papers so that Verendrye may reach them easily.

Oh, yes, father; a great many letters of congratulation for your appointment to a captaincy; letters and messages from everywhere, congratulating you upon being decorated with the Cross of St. Louis.

Verendrye smiles as if he enjoyed hearing of this belated recognition of his services, but he also waits eagerly for some further word. Charles busies himself.

VERENDRYE:

Nothing else?

CHARLES:

A message from the doctor to say he would call this afternoon; a man, also, to check over the supplies.

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VERENDRYE:

A doctor! What do I need further of a doctor! Am I not preparing to start upon a new expedition? One that will at last reach the Western Sea? [*He becomes excited, he sits erect in his chair and gazes in front of him as if visualizing the successful expedition.*] And we will reach it, I am sure of it. But for our unexpected misfortunes, we should have reached it before, Now that we have the authority of the king and the recognition—— [*He coughs. Charles seeing that Verendrye is overexciting himself by talking, offers him some of the letters to read, but the old man pushes them away.*]

VERENDRYE:

It is enough that you tell me what they say. It is enough to feel that at last my motives are known to be true, and not mercenary, that my patriotism was genuine, and not for personal ambition. [*He moves restlessly and coughs again.*] But was there not other word from Pierre and Henry?

CHARLES:

No. But no news must mean that they are nearly home.

VERENDRYE:

Oh, to have them here, to tell them the good news, to plan with them this new expedition! [*The doctor approaches. Charles greets him.*]

CHARLES:

The doctor has come, father.

VERENDRYE:

He picks up a map from the table and appears deeply interested.

Tell him I'm too busy to see him.

THE THIRD PART: VERENDRYE

THE DOCTOR:

He takes the map from his hand and places it on the table.

Nonsense, Captain! I'm not to be put off for a map!

Verendrye submits listlessly to the doctor's examination and questions. The doctor is very serious.

At this moment, Pierre and Henry appear, having just returned from their quest for the Western Sea.

VERENDRYE:

He is very much excited, and clings to their hands.

At last! At last!

They are greatly shocked at their father's changed appearance, and at a warning gesture from the doctor, they try to quiet him.

VERENDRYE:

Oh, the good news! The good news! The king has at last authorized me to search for the Western Sea.

CHARLES:

Angry at the way France has treated his father, he breaks in in disgust.

Yes, but at his own expense.

VERENDRYE:

Too much taken up with his plans to heed, he goes right on.

The supplies are ready. I have mapped out the route. All is prepared.

Pierre and Henry look at the doctor, who, standing behind Verendrye's chair, shakes his head.

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VERENDRYE:

Impatiently,
Tell us of your success.

PIERRE:

He seats himself on the table by his father.
After leaving you, father, we travelled in a southwesterly direction for two or three days. We came to a fort, and there found a band of friendly Mandans, who urged us to remain with them.

VERENDRYE:

Eagerly,
How large a settlement?

PIERRE:

Not very large, but some French towns would do well to take it as a model; streets straight and orderly, and swept bare and clean. We learned more of the westward flowing river we sought. It flows there straight to the sea, southwest by west.

HENRY:

Excitedly,
You see! That is a sure route to the Western Sea; all other rivers or lakes we know of flow into Hudson Bay or the North Sea.

VERENDRYE:

Incredulously,
But does the river surely flow to the West?

HENRY:

Yes, indeed! We have definite information on that point. It flows rapidly, but has many shoals. And it is so muddy and sulphurous

THE THIRD PART: VERENDRYE

that the Indians cannot drink the water. And white men dwell on the lower end of this river; they make cloth and linen, and war continually.

VERENDRYE:

He speaks excitedly, emphasizing with his finger.

Those are undoubtedly the Spaniards!

HENRY:

We thought so from the description.

PIERRE:

We could gain no more information from them, though they were anxious to help us.

VERENDRYE:

Strengthened by his excitement, he stands erect.

Great news! My boy, what you have learned is of untold value! My sons, you are the discoverers of the river which will link the Atlantic with the great Western Sea.

The effort is too much for him. He totters, and Charles helps him to his chair.

VERENDRYE:

I'm all right, go on, Pierre.

PIERRE:

With two Mandans for guides, we travelled through marvelous lands where the earths were of different colors: blue, green, red or black, yellow or white—bad lands. After twenty days we reached a village of the Crows.

A PAGEANT OF THE NORTH-WEST

HENRY:

Disgustedly,

Yes, and then those "trusty" guides deserted us.

PIERRE:

Leaving there, we met a band of Bow Indians on the war path for the Snakes. They were headed for the great Western Range, of which we'd heard so much, so we joined them. Soon we saw those marvelous mountains—great, high, rugged peaks of bright stones.

HENRY:

Enthusiastically,

Oh, you should have seen them—their peaks covered with snow and glistening in the sun. Thick forests of mammoth fir and pine covered the slopes.

VERENDRYE:

To have seen it! But I shall! I shall!

PIERRE:

If only we could have reached their summit I feel sure we should have seen the Great Sea stretching out before us. [*Verendrye braces himself by his chair-arms, and leans forward straining to watch Pierre. But those crazy Indians, seeing a deserted camp of their deadly foe, the Snakes, turned tail and ran like so many scared rabbits.*

At this Verendrye collapses. The brave old voyageur seems to foresee the doom that overshadows his life-ambition.

DOCTOR:

Charles, you had better go for a priest.

Charles goes out.

THE THIRD PART: VERENDRYE

VERENDRYE:

Reviving a little.

So near success, so near—but we will succeed yet. If I cannot, my sons——

PIERRE:

Trying to quiet him.

Of course we shall, father. Don't overdo now—save yourself.

VERENDRYE:

Yes, yes, I must. I will—— [*He tries in vain to unbutton his coat evidently feeling for something.*] My—my—cross—of—St. Louis. [*Henry takes the cross, gives it into his hands. Verendrye holds it up weakly, and tries to speak, but failing, presses it to his lips. The priest and Charles enter. All stand about silently, watching him as he presses the medal to his heart.*]

DOCTOR:

It is time to go in now, Captain.

VERENDRYE:

He leans heavily for support.

This is nothing, I'm—I'm just a little—— [*He forces himself to stand erect almost unsupported. A light comes into his eyes; and he turns to his sons*] You shall yet, my sons, prove my unselfishness, my true ambition to discover the Western Sea for the glory of the king and the welfare of France.

Gently the Doctor and Charles lead the broken man into the house. Pierre and Henry start to follow, but the priest halts them. The brothers turn toward each other and, full of emotion, clasp hands.

A PAGEANT OF THE NORTH-WEST

PIERRE:

Our father will lead no more expeditions, mon frere, but his great spirit must live on. We, his sons, must carry out his ambition to reach the Western Sea—for the glory of the king and the welfare of France.

HENRY:

For the glory of the king and the welfare of France.

The priest leads the way after Verendrye into the house.



Lewis and Clark

“What Lewis and Clark laid open is a world upon which nature has lavished her bounties. The present fruition is scarcely calculable; the hope for the future is boundless.”

—Hasmer.

Interlude

THE SONG OF THE BIRD WOMAN

*To be chanted by the SPIRIT OF PROPHECY and the
ATTENDING SPIRITS*

I.

Sleep, sleep, little Indian maiden,
Sleep, sleep, for the breeze is laden
With the perfume of the pine,
With the perfume of the pine.

Sleep, sleep, for the sun is sinking,
Sleep, sleep, for the stars are blinking
On the leaves and on the vine,
On the leaves and on the vine.

II.

Watch, watch, stealthy, silent savage,
Watch, watch, lest the dread foe ravage,
Lest the enemy draw nigh;
Lest the enemy draw nigh.

Watch, watch, for the pine is moaning,
Watch, watch, for the trees are groaning,
And the winds give forth a sigh;
And the winds give forth a sigh.

III.

Wake, wake, for the lodge is burning,
Wake, wake, for the blaze is turning
All the black night into day,
All the black night into day.

Wake, wake, 'tis the wounded crying,
Wake, wake, 'tis thy mother dying,
For the foe have won the fray;
For the foe have won the fray.

IV.

Toil, toil, for thy lot is slavery,
Toil, toil, bear thy fate with bravery,
For release is drawing nigh;
For release is drawing nigh.

Toil, toil, guide the white men thither,
Toil, toil, till thou reach the river,
Till thou reach the Western Sea;
Till thou reach the Western Sea.

V.

Sleep, sleep, gentle mother, slumber;
Sleep, sleep, with the countless number;
We will not forget thy name;
We will not forget thy name.

Sleep, sleep, where the pine is sighing,
Sleep, sleep, where the winds are dying,
Where the brook sings of thy fame;
Where the brook sings of thy fame.



The Fourth Part: Lewis and Clark

THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION. 1804-06.

Scene: Fort Mandan on the Missouri, near the site of Stanton, North Dakota.

An Indian harvest celebration. It is just after the corn gathering, and the Mandans have been plentifully blessed by the Great Spirit. As a sign of Thanksgiving, they are having one of their ancient ceremonial dances. But beyond the mere festal atmosphere there is an added note of excitement prevalent, for on the preceding day a strange company of white men had arrived—none other than the members of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition, which had proceeded thus far on its memorable journey. Their coming is a great event in the history of the village, and members of other tribes have been summoned to appear at a grand council which is to be held in honor of Lewis and Clark. During the festivities horsemen are descried in the distance, who, on nearer approach, prove to be chiefs of various tribes. On their arrival they are welcomed by Sheheke and Black Cat, sachems of the Mandans. An Indian lad is bidden to inform Lewis and Clark of the guests' arrival. All is now in readiness for the grand council, which is announced by the shot of a gun. The entire company then proceed to the shelter of boughs which has been prepared for the assembly. The women at their corn-grinding and the children playing in the streets cease their activities to gaze in awe and admiration on the dignified Lewis and Clark and their attending sergeants and privates.

When all have arrived, they seat themselves in a semi-circle around a pile of gifts, beads, bright blankets, utensils, etc., placed there by the white men. Those present are Captains Lewis and Clark, occupying the chief positions, Sheheke and Black Cat, sachems of the Mandans; Black Moccasin, chief of the Minnetaree; Chief

A PAGEANT OF THE NORTH-WEST

Lighting Crow of the Aricara; Eagle's Feather, Little Raven, and Black Buffalo, lesser Indian sagamores; John Ordway, Nathaniel Pryor, and Patrick Gass, sergeants; John Colter, Robert Frazier, Rueben Field, Hugh Hall, and Richard Windsor, privates; Charbonneau and Jessuame, interpreters. The pipe of peace is solemnly extended by Sheheke, the Mandan, to Lewis and Clark, who smoke it, and pass it on to the other members of the company. In due time Captain Lewis rises to speak.

CAPTAIN LEWIS:

..

We have come to you from the Great Father, many miles to the East. Reports came to him of your fine villages, of your many people, of your bravery, and of your great stores of corn and tobacco. The Great Father wanted to know more of you; so he planned this expedition and supplied us with guns, hatchets, beads, and knives. These we will give you if you will be his friends and help him in what he wants to do. We want to find the best route from here to the Great Water on the West, that we may trade with you and with other nations. (*Interpreter.*)

This spring we set out from the mouth of the Missouri. On our way we have made friends with the Pawnees, the Mohas, the Missouris, and Ottoes, and many other tribes. As the days grew shorter and the leaves began to fall, we knew that winter was coming and we made haste to reach your villages. We will help you make friends with your most dreaded enemies, the Sioux. You can all live as children of one father in this rich and beautiful river country, and be at peace through all the years. With your permission we will make our winter camp here, and stay until the ice breaks, and spring comes. (*Interpreter.*)

BLACK CAT:

I see the two sons of my Great Father. [*Gestures toward them.*] We are glad to welcome you to our villages and to help you in

THE FOURTH PART: LEWIS AND CLARK

any way we can. It will give us great joy if you will remain with us till the ice goes down the river in the spring. We are tired of warfare with the Sioux; if you will stay with us and help us, we will make peace with them and with all our neighbors. (*Interpreter.*)

CAPTAIN CLARK:

Rising.

We are glad that the Great Father sent us to you. We will smoke with you as friends and brothers, and eat with you in your lodges. We know that many tribes come to you for corn and tobacco. You have been trading your furs and hides to the north; now you must send them south to us. (*Interpreter.*)

At this point Laroche and Henderson of the Northwest Company enter on horseback and McCracken and Haney of the Hudson's Bay Company, by canoes, accompanied by an Indian guide.

We need the guides to help us cross the mountains. When we come back the Great Father would like some of you to go to Washington with us. There you will see that our people are more numerous than the blades of grass on the prairie. Be sure that some one is ready to go back with us when we return. (*Interpreter.*)

BLACK MOCCASIN, THE MINNETAREE:

Your friendly words are grateful to the Minnetaree. We much admire the sons of the Great Father. We think them very wise and brave. We wish to help them all we can. If they will trade with us, it will make our hearts glad for we need their guns and knives. (*Interpreter.*)

CAPTAIN LEWIS:

To the traders.

We see that a number of our neighbors of the Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, are present. We hear that you have circulated unfavorable reports concerning us among the Indians;

A PAGEANT OF THE NORTH-WEST

also that you have distributed British flags and medals among the tribes. We wish to preserve friendly relations with you as far as possible, and should like to hear what you have to say.

MCCRACKEN, OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY:

We did not know that such false stories were being circulated. We came here because no one else was here, and the Indians needed supplies. We don't wish to compete with the United States Government, and we shall be glad to withdraw from their territory.

LAROCHE, OF THE NORTHWEST COMPANY:

The Northwest Company has traded in this territory because the Indians invited us and because the Hudson's Bay Company was in the field. We did not know the exact boundary of Louisiana, nor did we know that we were infringing on United States territory.

At the conclusion of the trader's remarks a gun shot announces the end of the formal council. The gifts, which have long been the center of interest, are now distributed. United States flags, and medals bearing the image of Thomas Jefferson, are given to all; fire-arms, knives, blankets, hatchets, beads, and shirts are also received with delight by the Indians. As a mark of special esteem, an iron corn mill is presented to Black Cat, the Mandan, who, in turn, makes a gift of a handsome bow and arrow to Captain Lewis. Grunts of satisfaction are continually heard from the Indians. Sheheke is very desirous of going to Washington, and informs Lewis that on the expedition's return he will do so.

At the request of Black Moccasin, York, the negro servant of Clark, is summoned. All the way from Clark's tent to the shelter he is attended by an admiring crowd of Mandan women and children, who have never seen so strange and handsome a creature. On reaching the assembly the chiefs and warriors also crowd around him, marveling at his rich, dark coloring and even wetting the tips of their fingers and rubbing them on his face to see if the color will come off.

THE FOURTH PART: LEWIS AND CLARK

When the novelty of the negro's appearance has somewhat diminished, McCracken, the trader, with much spirit, dances the Scotch sword dance for the amusement of the Indians. Mr. Jessuame educes a lively musical accompaniment from the fiddle, which he has brought with him on the expedition. The whole performance seems quite marvelous to the native audience, and there are many grunts of wonder and appreciation.

Charbonneau is now seen in conference with the traders. His wife, Sakakawea, has entered the shelter, and stands watching him intently. She knows full well how unscrupulous he is, and evidently fears that some doubtful bargain is being driven. Her fears seem to be well grounded, for presently he goes over to Lewis and Clark.

CHARBONNEAU:

You go too far for me—one pretty long journey—lots of work—maybe we get killed—maybe freeze. I not go with you unless I come back when I want to.

CAPTAIN CLARK:

With disgust and indifference.

When we hired you, you understood the terms. We offered you \$500 to go with us as interpreter. If you don't want the money there are plenty who do. We'll get some one else.

Charbonneau goes off in wounded pride to Saḥaḥawea. When she hears of his proposal to leave the expedition, she berates him soundly as only an Indian woman can. After a severe scolding she succeeds in making him promise to go with Lewis and Clark. He then returns to them.

CHARBONNEAU:

I think now I go with you. I good interpreter and need the money.

CAPTAIN LEWIS:

Very well, then, we engage you again as interpreter. See that you behave yourself.

A PAGEANT OF THE NORTH-WEST

Sakakawea knows that she will accompany her husband and that the expedition must pass through the country of the Shoshones, her native tribe, on their way to the Pacific. Overjoyed at the prospect of thus returning to the home of her childhood, she gives words to her feelings, crooning softly to her child.

SAKAKAWEA'S CHANT

(IN HIDATSA.)

Hi-di a-du-ma-kuats, ma-ta a-wa-ha-mi se-ta,
A-wa-ha-ku-pi o-da-ka-pa-ki it-o-da-ku-ta,
To-du mi-i-a-wa-tu-hets a-wa-a-du-si-pi-kua,
Ma-tu-as it-a-wa-ma-kuk dok-te-o-du-sak se-ta.

Ti-a hi-do-o a-wa-a-du-tsi-di-a-kua wa-wa-kuts
Ma-da-ta tsa-ki-tats, ma-de-hi-ka-ti wa-dets.
Tsa-ka-ka mi-a-wi-kuts-duk mi-hi-se a-was-kets.
Pa-tsi-ta-ta hu-tsi a-de se-ta ki-de ma-i-hets.

A-wa-ha-wi it-o-ki-du a-wa-ma-ku a-ma-hu-se
Ma-tsi o hi-do-o a-ku-ki-e-de-tsi.
So-so-ni, doh-pa-ka Ma-ho-pa a-ku-ki-de-sits
I-ta-wa a-de se-ki-ta mak-ma-kua-mits.*

The call of the Herald's trumpet is answered by the stately Spirit of Prophecy who chants the Epilogue.

*Now I shall go home again, home to my mountains,
Home to the plains of the fair Sego lily,
Home to the forests and tepees of childhood,
Home to the hills and cliff-graves of my Fathers.

The years have been bleak in this cold prairie country,
My heart has grown restless, my feet have grown weary;
As birds fain would fly from the southland in springtime,
I've yearned for my home when the soft Chinook called me.

Across the great Tetons and Wind River Ranges,
Through canyons and passes, these brave men will travel,
Till I lead them at last to the warm sheltered valleys,
Where dwell the Shoshone, loved by the Great Spirit.

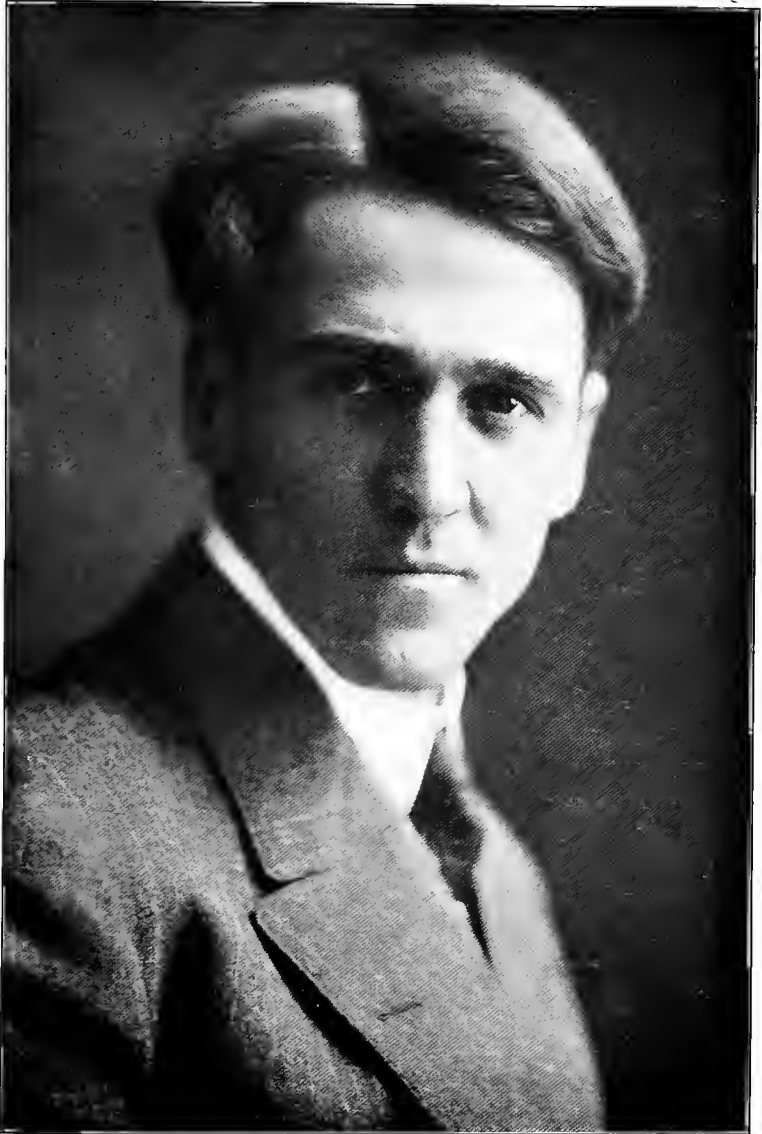
The Epilogue

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY:

In me, I beg of you, revere the prophet,
And listen to my words with ears attentive;
For clearly as the Seer saw New Jerusalem
Descending from the clouds, I too, see visions.
This barren waste, this mighty wilderness,
Which stretches on and on from sea to sea,
Shall be the dwelling place of multitudes;
A people, mighty in strength shall till the soil,
And cause the desert and the swamp to bear.
Cities shall rise where scattered wigwams stood,
And merchants, plying their trade from place to place,
Shall bind the distant city to the near.
Strangers from every land shall come to make
Their homes among you. The oppressed, the weary,
Shall find new life, joy, contentment, peace.
But before that day, battles shall rage,
And brothers by their brothers shall be slain;
The bond that binds you tested for its strength,
The firmness of your union tried with fire.
But when the conflict ceases, when the slave
Is loosed, behold your nation shall emerge
From out the smoke of battle glorified.
The cloud of war which overspread the sun
Shall pass, and in the bright new day, he
Who but lately fought, shall guide the plow again.
Now mark me well—he who survives till this
Shall feel within his soul new spirit born;
And he who lately builded freedom's fire

Shall be the champion of democracy.
The time of war and blood shall be no more;
The time of hate and murder be forgot.
In arts of peace, the wise men shall instruct,
And he who once was reckoned rich and proud
Shall then brush elbows with the humble poor.
This duty do I leave you, gentle friends,
This duty deep and mighty at our parting,
To scatter love where naught but hate is growing;
To scatter peace where war's red blaze is glowing;
To raise your hearts above the wrongs of strife;
To lift your souls above the woes of life;
To serve, though what you do be unrepaid;
To face tomorrow trustful, unafraid.

The Pageant is concluded by a Grand Parade of all the characters, the band playing "The Star-Spangled Banner," the audience rising to sing.



PROFESSOR FREDERICK H. KOCH
Founder and Director of the Sock and Buskin Society

The Sock and Buskin Society

By William Whitford

"To study the literature of the drama; to promote the art of the theatre, by the discussion of good plays; to stimulate and develop higher ideals for the drama in America; and to initiate a movement for establishing, as soon as practicable, a University theatre in the University of North Dakota," is the high aim of the Sock and Buskin Society. At the invitation of Professor Frederick H. Koch of the Department of English, a number of congenial spirits, representative of the faculty and student body, met on January 3, 1910, to perfect the organization of the Sock and Buskin Society of the University of North Dakota. Two weeks later the first meeting of the society was held at the President's-House-on-the-Campus. The paper of the evening, "The Theatre: Its Origin and End," was presented by Professor Koch.

As first organized the society was composed of thirty active members, fifteen from the faculty and fifteen from the student body; but owing to the unusual interest shown the membership was later increased to forty. In order to become a member of the society the candidate must pass one of two tests—he must either write an acceptable piece of dramatic criticism or he must present, to the satisfaction of the membership committee, a scene from dramatic literature. In this way two types of members are secured—first, those of critical ability and second, those of histrionic talent. The success of the society, both in its private and public performances, is due to the co-operation of its two kinds of members. In addition to active membership, the society has an honorary membership, composed of certain of its distinguished visitors, among them Mr. William Faverham, the distinguished Shakespearean actor-manager; Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick, President of the Emerson College of Oratory of Boston; and Miss Marguerite Curtis, dramatic critic of the London Daily Telegraph.

THE SOCK AND BUSKIN SOCIETY

The society is at present studying the development of the modern drama. The program of each meeting is composed of a critical review of a particular playwright and the presentation of representative scenes from his works. For instance, when the work of Charles Rann Kennedy was studied, with the critical essay was given a performance of "The Terrible Meek," together with scenes from "The Winter Feast" and "The Necessary Evil." To this combination of exposition and illustration in all the programs, the rapid progress of the society has been due.

A custom established this year is the Twelfth Night Revels, held on the twelfth night after Christmas. The spirit of the occasion is well kept in the original pantomimes, dialogues and ballads given by the members.

All meetings of the society are open to visitors. Besides, each year a performance of some significant play is offered the public. The first of these performances was Shakespeare's delightful comedy, "Twelfth Night," presented on June 3, 1910, during commencement week. The play was staged upon the University Campus, under ideal weather conditions, before an audience of six hundred people. Aside from the splendid acting, the production was unusually significant because of the fact that it was the first open-air performance of its kind ever given at the University or in the State of North Dakota.

The second public performance was a revival of the impressive Morality Play, "Everyman," unique in its presentation because of the cathedral scene, especially designed by one of the members of the society. Professor Koch in the title role gave a delineation of the character declared by many who had heard both, comparable and in many ways, superior to the Ben Greet interpretation. The third play, produced by the society in 1912 was "Nathan Hale," a patriotic drama by Clyde Fitch. The play was offered because

THE SOCK AND BUSKIN SOCIETY

of its historical interest, and because it was written by an American dramatist. Due consideration was paid to the one-act movement in the drama, when in 1913, the society placed before the public three Irish plays. The plays chosen for the production were Lady Gregory's comedy, "Spreading the News," William Butler Yeats' poetic morality play, "The Hour Glass," and John M. Synge's poignant tragedy of the fisher-folk of the Aran Islands, "Riders to the Sea." This year the society gave as its annual public performance Henrik Ibsen's significant social drama, "Little Eyolf." The success of this ambitious effort was a notable achievement.

While the society has been engaged in the criticism and presentation of plays, it has been accumulating a considerable library of modern dramatic literature. It has allied itself with the Drama League of America, the most active organization at the present time, working for the uplift of the drama. The director of the society, Professor Koch, besides being the state representative of the League is one of its national propaganda speakers.

In the composition and presentation of "A Pageant of the North-West," the society has undertaken a piece of work which at first seemed almost impossible. It was only through the enthusiastic cooperation of eighteen members of the society, directed by Professor Koch and aided by Professor Libby, that a pageant was possible. The pageant was written in four parts,—each part by a group of four undergraduate students. The Prologue, the Epilogue, and the Interlude were written by Mr. Cecil A. McKay; the music was composed by Miss Margaret Plank. This communal method of composition is probably without a precedent in the history of pageant literature. It is distinctly a social method of production, and it is altogether fitting that its presentation should serve as the dedication of The Bankside Theatre, on the banks of the English Coulee at the University.

The Sock and Buskin Society is thus, in a sense, a laboratory of dramatic literature. Through the enacting of representative plays, by critical analyses, and reviews, and by constructive practice in play making, the society is helping to prepare the way for a New American Drama.

The Sock and Buskin Society

Active Members

Alexander, Helen.	Londergan, Johanna.
Anderson, Cuyler.	Lord, Vine.
Bacon, Hume.	
Balch, Flora.	McKay, Cecil.
Bek, William	Murphy, Eva.
Benson, George.	
Bowman, Anne.	O'Keefe, Genevieve.
Brush, Henry.	
	Poupore, Anne.
Chase, Majel.	Plank, Margaret.
Cook, Morrill.	
Duggan, Louise.	Rohde, Else.
Gallup, Florence.	Rutherford, Merle.
Gronna, Amy.	
Halcrow, Ethel.	Schlosser, Walter.
Hansen, Clifford.	Schwam, Harry.
Hanson, Mabel.	Serungard, Inez.
Hedrick, Blanche.	Severson, Emma.
Hixon, Catherine.	Shaft, Arthur.
Huston, Howard.	South, Harry.
	Stomner, Alvin.
Johnston, Wesley.	
Kelsey, Vera.	Taylor, John Adams.
Koch, Frederick.	Talcott, Porter.
Koch, Mrs. Frederick.	
Kolars, Margaret.	Webster, Horace.
Koucky, Joseph.	Whelan, Thomas.
	Whitford, William.
Larson, Randall.	Williams, Inis.
Leine, Inga.	Wolff, Herman.
	Wright, Avice.

The Sock and Buskin Society

Graduate Members

Acker, Iver.	Kaufman, Ethel.
Anderson, Maxwell.	Kennedy, James.
Bacon, William	Kneeshaw, Pauline.
Barrington, Elgie.	Kneeshaw, Stanley.
Batten, Annabel.	Kolars, Alice.
Boyson, Christine.	LeDaum, Henri.
Brekke, Frank	Linwell, Delia.
Budge, Jessie.	Londergan, Edith.
Chase, Russell.	McIlraith, Annie.
Covert, Emily.	Major, Maude.
Craig, Raymond.	Meacham, Genevieve.
Crary, Burton.	Netcher, Arthur.
Cunningham, Gertrude.	Oeschger, Gretchen.
Dickson, Allie.	Page, Hollis.
Dresser, William.	Peterson, Lola.
Egelhoff, Clarence.	Plank, Lawrence.
Fisher, Lawrence.	Quirke, Terence.
Flynn, Ellen.	Ruud, Martin.
Fritz, Chester.	Slyfield, Frederick.
Halvorson, Orpheus.	Slyfield, Mrs. Frederick.
Haskett, Margaret.	Steinbar, Minnie.
Helmer, Beatrice.	Thompson, Roy.
Helmer, Myrtle.	Torgerson, William.
Hickman, Emma.	Turner, Echo.
Hofto, Jacob.	Tweto, Alma.
Houghton, Theodosia.	Trotter, Winnifred.
Howland, Garth.	Turner, Genevieve.
Irwin, Temple.	Veitch, Bernice.
Jacobi, Geraldine.	Werner, Ruth.
Jacobstein, Meyer.	Williams, Florence.
Jacobstein, Mrs. Meyer.	Wolff, Clarence.
Kamplin, Rheinart.	

The Sack and Buskin Society

Honorary Members

Baker, George Pierce, Professor of Dramatic Literature, Harvard University.

Burton, Richard, Professor of English Literature, University of Minnesota.

Collier, Constance, Shakespearean Actress, London, England.

Curtis, Marguerite, Dramatic Critic, London, England.

Durand, Ada, Librarian, Grand Forks.

Faversham, William, Shakespearean Actor-manager, New York.

Fulton, Ella Louise, Department of English, University of North Dakota.

Gillette, John Morris, Department of Sociology, University of North Dakota.

Hult, Gottfried, Department of Greek, University of North Dakota.

Kennedy, Joseph, Dean of the School of Education, University of North Dakota.

Kingsbury, Nella, Department of Expression, Wesley College, University of North Dakota.

Libby, Orin Grant, Department of History, University of North Dakota.

McVey, Frank LeRond, President of the University of North Dakota.

McVey, Mrs. Frank LeRond, University of North Dakota.

Myers, Gus, Manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, Grand Forks.

Myrben, Mrs. Christine Nielson, Actress, New York.

Norton, William Wellington, Department of Music, University of North Dakota.

Southwick, Henry Lawrence, President of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston.

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"Twelfth Night" 1910.



Shakespeare's TWELFTH NIGHT 1910

Sir Andrew Aguecheek
 Maria
 Sir Toby Belch

Raymond Craig
 Echo Turner
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EVERYMAN 1911

Everyman
Good Deeds

Professor F. H. Koch
Myrtle Helmer



Lady Gregory's SPREADING THE NEWS 1913

Joe Muldoon
Jack Smith
Shawn Early
Mrs. Fallon

Lawrence Plank
Stanley Kneeshaw
Randall Larson
Genevieve Meacham

Bartley Fallon
Tim Casey
Mrs. Tarpey
A Removable Magistrate

Harry South
William Bacon
Ethel Halcrow
Joseph Koucky



Yeats' THE HOUR GLASS 1913

An Angel
A Wise Man

Gertrude Cunningham
Stanley Kneeshaw

The Wife
A Fool

Alice Kolars
Florence Gallup



Ibsen's LITTLE EYOLF 1914

Mrs. Rita Allmers
Engineer Borgheim
The Rat Wife -

Mrs. Rita Allmers
Engineer Borgheim
The Rat Wife

Mrs. Rita Allmers
Engineer Borgheim
The Rat Wife -

Inga Leine
Howard Houston
Ethel Halcrow

Inga Leine
Howard Houston
Ethel Halcrow

Inga Leine
Howard Houston
Ethel Halcrow

Little Eyolf
Alfred Allm
Miss Asta A

Little Eyolf
Alfred Allmers
Miss Asta Allmers

Little Eyolf
Alfred Allmers
Miss Asta Allmers

Margaret Plank
Randall Larson
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